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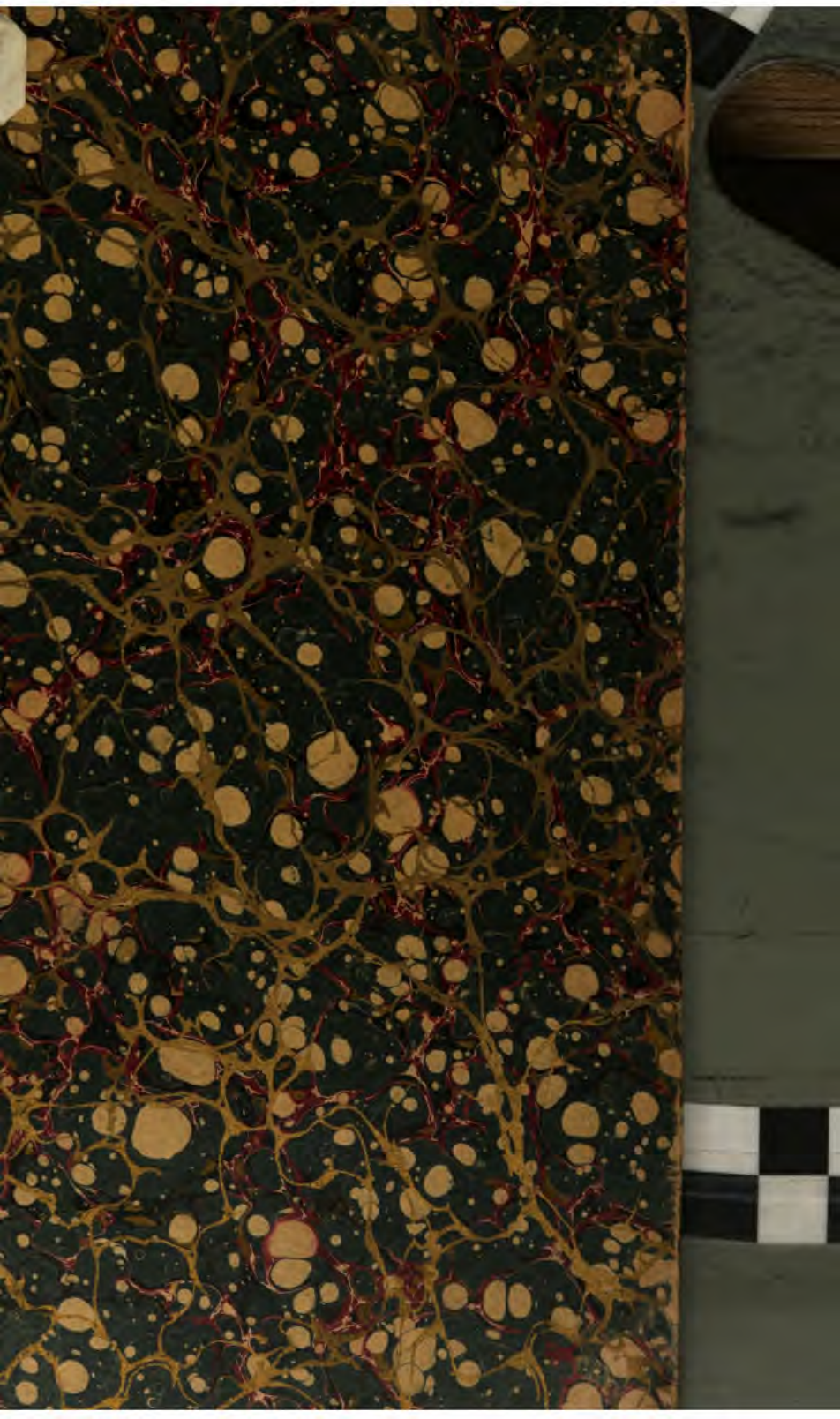

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CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INSTITUTION OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA.

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS.

BY

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA,

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[Delivered January 3, 1887.]

WE are met this evening to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the oldest medical society in America which is not a State organization. New Jersey and Massachusetts have State societies of older date, which of necessity met rarely, and were chiefly meant to give unity, force, and discipline to a profession, the members of which were widely scattered over a thinly peopled country.

One hundred years ago the grave and kindly man whose portrait hangs above me at our meetings, met the Fellows of this ancient College as their first President.

In words which quaintly represent to-day my own feelings, John Redman expressed his sense of the honor then conferred upon him and of the responsibility created by such an audience; "for," said he, "when I look around me I see so many gentlemen of character for learning, ingenuity, and integrity in the profession and practice of physick," and some whose talents have early called them forth into publick notice, and offices of dignity in the medical line, and who have conducted therein for many years so much to their own reputation, and to the advancement and satisfaction of their pupils and of their fellow-citizens."

At the close of his address he confesses that his mind has taken a more serious turn, and says, "I think it is very becoming in us at the commencement of this our Institution, to acknowledge the Supreme Being to be our sovereign lord and ruler," and thus goes on into a simple and straightforward prayer, "that through all the days of this College, they who sat about and all who are to come publickly and privately serve their generation faithfully, according to God's will, that they may find rewards beyond the grave."

When John Redman thus seriously addressed the founders of what he called "a collegiate society," he was sixty-five years of age. He was born forty-one years after William Penn laid out this city. The men he so feelingly counselled were all his juniors. He looked back over the larger part of a century, during which his newborn country had leaped to sturdy life, and set an example that had helped to bring unthought-of changes to its great European ally—a century of disturbing political and social thought—fertile in revolutionary activities.

To understand the men over whom he presided, to comprehend the inheritance of examples they left us, to realize above all how peculiar have been the relations of the physician to the social and political existence of Philadelphia, it is necessary to look back through the century which preceded the foundation of this College.

The history of any profession in connection with the progress and growth of a new country is of the utmost interest, and of no profession is this more true than of ours. The bar, the army, the navy, and, in other lands, the church, have distinct natural relations to the government, but the physician has none, and in monarchial countries this fact has served to create for him annoying social limitations which are but too slowly fading as communities grow into intelligent disregard of feudal traditions. His position in any community is a fair test of its good sense. But in new lands, peopled by the self-selection of the fittest, by those who have the courage of enterprise, and the mental and moral outfit to win for it success, the physician is sure to take and keep the highest place, and to find open to him more easily than to others wealth, social place, and, if he desire it, the higher service of the State. Nowhere was this more true than in this city. In New England the clergy were for a long time dom-

inant. In New York then, as now, commercial success was the surest road to social position. South of us it was the landholder who ruled with undisputed sway. But in this city—I may say in this State—from the first settlement until to-day the physician has held an almost unquestioned and somewhat curious preëminence. He is and always has been relatively a more broadly important personage here than elsewhere.

If this be not as clear to you as it is to me, let me remind you that in every legislature of this Commonwealth you will find a dozen members of our profession who have for a time taken up the duties of lawgivers, intending to return again to their practice. I observe on the list of our Fellows to-day many men, and they are of our best, who have been or who are directors of insurance companies or saving funds, or even of banks, a thing almost unheard-of in cities where the lower civilization of commerce is dominant. You will find them, also, in unusual numbers on our collegiate boards. Our great charities are never without some of them in their councils, and the Philadelphia Library is obliged, under the will of James Rush, to have in its direction three physicians. In our hospital boards, and still more largely in our learned societies, they are equally well represented.

Says a learned historian, writing of the Philadelphia of 1828, "Nothing struck me so much as the social force and influence of the physicians. I was familiar with other cities, and nowhere else did they seem to me to be so distinctly the leaders of social life."

The exceptional position which we occupy here is in a large measure due to the good fortune which early in our history directed to these shores a remarkable group of physicians, the friends and co-religionists of Penn.

As I am chiefly addressing Pennsylvanians, I shall not venture to say much of men whose names are still familiar. I desire, however, to show what breadth of liberty they had to do things which nowadays would scarcely be regarded as within the legitimate career of the largest-minded physician. Edward Jones, chirurgeon, came over in 1682. His father-in-law, Thomas Wynne, set sail in the "Welcome," with his friend William Penn, in that same August. These were both physicians of gentle breeding, and of the best edu-

cation their day could offer. Thomas Wynne was an active practitioner of physick, and yet found time to become President of the first Assembly which met in the province, and in which sat also his son-in-law, Jones. Both of these men lived to hold many offices of political trust and honor in their adopted country.

Next in our medical genealogy comes Thomas Lloyd. There is, what was called in Friends' phraseology, a testimony[1] concerning him which, heard pleasantly across the turmoil of nearly two centuries, tells how that "he had a great practice, ... and generally good success, whereby it was often his lot to be amongst many of account in the world. . . . . Yet being a man of tender spirit, he was conscientiously careful over his patients whether poor or rich.

In the new land he sought for conscience' sake he was still for a while a physician. How, think you, did he find time to act as Deputy-Governor under Penn, President of Council, Keeper of the Great Seal of the Commonwealth? Apparently the good and great William Penn took care of his physician, for we hear that his friend Dr. Griffith Owen held the posts of Member of Assembly, Deputy-Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Property.

The early part of the next century was as fortunate. Lloyd Zachary, the grandson of that accomplished physician and trusted ruler Lloyd, was the first physician elected to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and was what we would call Port Physician in 1725. He shared this duty with Thomas Græme, a Scotch physician, who arrived with Governor Keith in 1715. Besides being thrown into large practice by the death of Griffith Owen, this gentleman was at various times Naval Officer, a Councillor, Master-in-Chancery, and at last Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, for which we may note that he received £50 a year. He was the first president and the founder of the now ancient and still useful St. Andrew's Society for giving aid to destitute Scotchmen, assisted to create the Philosophical Society, was with Zachary, the two Bonds, Moore, Cadwalader, and Redman, of the first staff of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and died in

[1] Levick, J. J. Early Physicians of Philadelphia, etc.

1772, Collector of the Port. On his tombstone in Christ Churchyard, it is said of him, and it would seem with justice, that

> "The soul that lived within this crumbling dust,
> In every act was eminently just;
> Peaceful through life, as peaceful, too, in death,
> Without one pang he rendered back his breath."

The men I have here so briefly described were, with the exception of the last, of the Society of Friends—Græme was of the Church of England. The great struggle between the Presbyterian settlers of the interior of the State and the followers of Penn was now in full tide. Already other sects than those of Penn began to be prominent, and henceforward we find physicians of eminence who were not of the creed of Fox, but neither in the seventeenth nor the eighteenth century do we observe in Pennsylvania what was very common in early New England and New Jersey—men doubly occupied as physicians and clergymen.

To the new group of men belong, also, the two Kearsleys, to one of whom, John, a member of the Assembly, we owe the interesting spire of Christ Church, and the endowment of Christ Church Hospital for reduced women. Kearsley's pupils—or, as was then said, apprentices—were all natives of the country, and among them were Zachary, Cadwalader, William Shippen, Sr., the Bonds, Cadwalader Evans, Redman, Bard, and John Kearsley, Jr. Bard speaks with energetic disgust of his master's exactions. The pupil was constantly subject to his orders. He carried medicines to the sick, or prepared drugs for use by his master in his daily rounds; he made fires, kept the office clean, and did other less agreeable duties commonly devolving nowadays on servants.

William Shippen, a founder of the College of New Jersey, was, with Redman, the only one of Kearsley's pupils alive in Philadelphia when this College was instituted. An active Presbyterian, he was a trustee of Princeton College and of the College of Philadelphia, Vice-President of the Philosophical Society, one of the staff of the Hospital, and, later in life, a member of the Continental Congress.

Thomas Cadwalader was a descendant of Wynne and Edward Jones, and, like the men of his day, active in scientific societies,

hospital work, and the stormy politics of his time. Unlike Kearsley, he was a staunch whig, and his two sons, John and Lambert, were both soldiers of distinction. His sedate visage hangs in your hall to justify the words in which John Redman regretted that he had not lived long enough to become the first officer of this body. "One," he says, "on whose age, character, and reputation for medical ability and respectable deportment to and among us, as well as his generous, just, and benevolent temper of mind and great acquaintance with books and men and things, and proper attention to times and seasons, would, I am persuaded, have pointed him out as our first object." He is sure that his name will readily occur to the Fellows. "Nor need I mention it," he adds, "but that I naturally recollect with pleasure the name of our worthy and well-respected brother, and my much esteemed friend, Thomas Cadwalader."

He grieves, in like manner, that Thomas Bond could not, also, have preceded him in office, "a man of judgment and skill, of indefatigable assiduity to the last in the practice of physick and surgery."

I should have found it difficult to say less as regards the notable personages who came and went on the scene of our Colonial history, and who brought to their medical work the tastes, manners, and education of gentlemen, and to its completeness, high-minded sense of duty. It was needful that I spoke of them in order to show how perfect has been the good fortune which, from the day when the "Welcome" brought us Thomas Wynne up to the present hour, has failed not to give us like men, gifted with like intellectual qualities, holding the same lofty traditions of honor and industry, ready to take up our unending task whenever an older and wearied generation laid it down.

The century was in its last third. A new group of physicians, nearly all young or in early middle age, and trained in an eventful war, had come upon the stage. The city contained about 45,000 people. It was the seat of Government and of the largest social life the land afforded. Still predominant in commerce, it was also active in education and science. The College of Philadelphia had been for a time suppressed, the University had been medically organized, the Federal constitution was in debate, and Washington, a man of fifty-

six years, was resident in Philadelphia. Fitch was constructing his first steamboat.

Who first suggested the formation of this College is unknown, but as many of our Fellows were educated in Edinburgh, it is likely enough that the success of its Society, which dated from 1733, may have led them to imitate it here. I have myself seen on its diploma the name of "Caspar Wistar Præses annuus."

We know as little of the earlier steps taken toward the foundation of this College. John Redman, your first President, says that "at the first meeting to organize ourselves by choosing proper officers and members so as to constitute a body," he was elected President. He adds, "I went home under a strong impression of the weight both of the office and my obligations to you." Then he tells us that he was unable to attend the next meeting, and apparently it is at a third meeting that he delivers the address from which I have already quoted. Its faded ink and formal, patient writing seem to take one back to a less hurried era, and speak eloquently of the busy years which have come and gone since my serious-minded predecessor looked forward hopefully anticipating your future usefulness.

It would seem that the College was organized some time in 1786, but as to this we have no record other than that just mentioned. The first meeting of which we have a minute took place on January 2, 1787, and to this date we have always referred as our natal day.

On that 2d of January, 1787, in the evening, in a little house used by the University and known as Surgeons' Hall, on Fifth Street south of Library, assembled a portion of the notable group of men who then constituted this College. By the dim light of candles, for which I have found the modest bill, clad after the fashion of the day, some in Quaker dress and some in knee breeches, silk stockings, and low shoes with buckles, most of them carrying, I fancy, the gold-headed cane and the meditative snuff-box, some with queues or powdered wigs, a fading fashion, were John Jones, William Shippen, Jr., Adam Kuhn, Benjamin Rush, Thomas Parke, Gerardus Clarkson, Samuel Duffield, James Hutchinson, William W. Smith, Andrew Ross, William Clarkson, James Hall, William Currie.

The full roll of Fellows and Junior Fellows in January, 1787, adds

the names of John Redman, John Morgan, George Glentworth, Abraham Chovet, Benjamin Say, Samuel Powel Griffitts, Benjamin Duffield, John Morris, John Carson, John Foulke, Robert Harris.

Before our charter was obtained in 1789, there were added Nathan Dorsey, John R. B. Rodgers, Caspar Wistar, Jr., James Cuningham, Charles Moore, Michael Leib, John H. Gibbons.

They were in all twenty-four when they met in January, 1787, and thirty-one when they were incorporated in 1789. Only three of their names are to-day represented on our present list; but many more are familiar to your ears, and if we include the men I have previously mentioned, you will find that a large share of the best known families of our city trace their lineage from one or other of this memorable group. It would, in fact, be easy to give you a long catalogue of families distinguished in our national and local history, or in our social life, who inherit the blood of one or more of the physicians I have named or have yet to name; but as some of those here present may have the misfortune not to be able to claim the honor of medical ancestry I generously refrain.

The portraits of many of these notable personages ornament our halls, and tell in their ruddy complexions of men who lived much out of doors and often in the saddle, and illustrate the changes which time is making in the physical conditions of our race. Here are descendants of the settlers who, armed only with the courage of good intention, came to the wilderness with Penn, or followed soon after. Welsh or English, nearly all of them, but two represent the German element; only four have middle names — as to which a curious change is seen in the later years.

The older men generally sign first. The President was sixty-five; Jones, fifty-eight; Morgan, Shippen, and Kuhn, each fifty-one.

These were physicians who assisted at the troublous birth of a great nation. I fancy that I can see in their resolute faces the lines left by the sorrows and trials of those eventful years when they rode with the great Virginian, and shared with him the hardships of doubtful campaigns and the triumphs of Princeton and Yorktown. Among them were the friends and physicians of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams. They held to their medical

opinions, as we shall see, with the same absolute belief that controlled their political actions, and were nearly as ready to fight for the one as for the other. As to their medical ancestry, the best of them had been educated at Edinburgh, which school is the parent of our University. Genealogically, we might speak of our College and of the University as children of Edinburgh, and grandchildren of Leyden.

Linger with me a little, and learn who and what were these our medical forefathers; the men who had won fame and matured character on the field and in the hospital wherewith to face the yet darker hours of the deadly plague so soon to thin their ranks.

The most illustrious of our profession are not always the most lovable. Your first president, John Redman, was a man whom all men respected and all men loved. He spent a year at Edinburgh, was graduated at Leyden, in 1748, under Albinus, and returned home to practise finally only medicine, declining midwifery and surgery. In his medical creed he was a sturdy follower of Sydenham. Like the most of his fellows, he bled without hesitation and believed that the American needed more positive treatment than his degenerate British ancestor. Except his thesis on abortion, a defence of inoculation, and his excellent account of the yellow fever of 1764, he left little behind him. A man gentle without lacking force, religious without a trace of bigotry, and finding in his faith only larger reasons for cheerfulness. Quick of temper and as quick to regret it; punctual, charitable, exact, a type of what the practice of our profession makes out of the best characters, he constantly declined political place. We are told "that he suspended pain by his soothing manner or chased it away by his conversation." One would like to possess the secret of this anæsthetic kindness. He died in 1808 at the age of eighty-six, and, we are told, was mourned and missed most by the destitute, being like that physician of whom Somervile says

> "For well thy soul can understand,
> The poor man's call is God's command."

John Jones, our first Vice-President, was of another type. His two grandfathers were Edward Jones and Thomas Wynne. He went abroad early, and again at a later date, and became the warm friend

of Hunter and Pott. In 1755 he served with Sir William Johnson in the French war, settled in New York, and left it when it was occupied by the British. For a time he sat in the Senate of New York, then entered the army, and in 1778 settled here, where he succeeded Redman in the hospital, became the first President of the Humane Society, and was physician to the Dispensary until his death in 1791. We owe to him the first American book on surgery in 1775. He dedicated it to Cadwalader, and says, "If I cannot cure the fatal disease of my unfortunate country, I can at least pour a little balm into her bleeding wounds."

John Jones was of the Society of Friends, and lies, since 1791, after their fashion, in a nameless grave under the maples in their Arch Street burial-ground. He was a man tranquil of temper, easy and polite, fond of poetry and belles-lettres; a surgeon so expert in lithotomy that he frequently operated for stone in a minute and a half. For this malady he attended Franklin, of whose philosophic cheerfulness he has left a clear account. In 1790 he went to New York to consult in the case of Washington, who suffered at that time from some acute disease of the lungs.

I pause to add that another of our Fellows, Plunket Glentworth, son of the founder George, also attended Washington in Philadelphia in 1797.[1] I have seen a letter to John Lewis, in which the illustrious patient says of this physician, "No nobler man or more skilful physician ever lived," and calls him his "estimable friend"—almost the sole record of this Glentworth—the friend of Washington.

Of John Morgan, one can only speak with admiration. There is in this State a portrait of him by Angelica Kauffman, and the excellent copy in our hall has all the charm of distinction and manly beauty. The student and friend of Hunter and the famous Hewson; he knew well Voltaire and the great Morgagni, who gave him the noble copy of his works now in our library, inscribing on the first page

"Viro experientissimo et humanissimo
D^{o}. D^{i}. Joanni Morgan.
Auctor."

[1] The Hon. George Bancroft tells me that about this date Washington underwent an operation for some rectal disease, but as to its nature we know nothing further.

In his thesis on pus, Morgan anticipated Hunter's theory of its origin from the blood. He came home, aged twenty-nine years, a Graduate in Medicine of Edinburgh, Member of the French Academy of Surgery, Fellow of the Royal Society, and with the honors of the Colleges of Edinburgh and London, to found the University of Pennsylvania, and to serve as Director-General and Physician-in-Chief of the Army in 1775. He lies now in old St. Peter's churchyard. His dignified vindication of his army career is almost all we have left us of a brilliant and well-loved gentleman.

To speak of William Shippen, Jr., would be almost to repeat what I have said of his friend Morgan. His friends in London were the same, and also, we may add, the high-minded Fothergill and Sir John Pringle. The war made him Director-General, and I may pause to add that Potts, a Pennsylvanian, and Tilton, one of our earliest Associate Fellows, held a like position. William Shippen was our second President; a handsome man, gay, and yet dignified; so amiable that through life he is said to have made no foes, a doubtful formula of praise. He left a great name as a happy lecturer, and was the first of that remarkable series of anatomical demonstrators whose names are so familiar to us all.

Adam Kuhn, son of the physician and magistrate Adam Simon Kuhn, came home in 1768 from his European studies at Edinburgh and Upsal. I find in the *Eclectic Repertory*, vol. viii., a number of very pleasant and interesting letters from Linnæus to the father and to the son. He speaks of the latter as an amiable, correct young man, beloved of all, and for whom he cherished a paternal affection. The younger physician he directly addresses in after-days as his dear friend, and in letters, simple, affectionate, and delightfully full of chatty remarks about plants and animal life, and gossip of domestic affairs, calls him his cherished son; speaks of his engaging deportment, his unwearied ardor in cultivating science. In 1772 he refers apparently to having named a plant after his young friend, and says, "I am yours while I live." There must be more of these genial letters. In their pages flowers seem to bloom, and humming-birds to flutter, as the great naturalist, with gentle envy, pictures the wealth of plant and animal life awaiting his pupil's study in distant Pennsylvania. The daily needs of life may have rendered the pur-

suit of science difficult to Kuhn. He lectured in 1768, one year, on botany, then on materia medica twenty-one years, and in 1789 became professor of theory and practice in the University, was our third President in 1808, and died in 1817. He left scarce a trace behind him; but no one can read his manuscript lectures, now in our library, without a full sense that the world lost something by the indifference, or want of ambition of this learned physician.

With reverent doubt of my powers to do justice to the greatest physician this country has produced, I approach the task of briefly recalling to your memories the vivid and emphatic personality of Benjamin Rush. His life invites a less hasty biographer, and is full of such seeming contradictions as can only be explained by the belief that the earnest, decisive, and mutinous nature of a man, proud, rather than conceited, got the better of the principles by which he honestly strove to guide his conduct. That he won at last in this contest, was shown by the grief with which a nation mourned his death, when the poor, in crowds, besought a sight of his face, or, at least, to touch his coffin. Look at his portrait by Sully, in our hall. It has the scholar's hands, the largely modelled head, the contemplative blue eyes of the observer, the nose and chin strong, firmness in the mouth, and a trace of too critical tendencies in the droop of the lines of the lips, withal a general expression of tranquil benevolence, a face like the man's life and character, full of dissimilars, with a grand total of good.

How shall I briefly bring before you the career of this restless being? Relentless energy drove him through a life in which ardent sense of duty, large-minded philanthropy, love of country, devotion to his art and its science, immense belief in himself, were the motives to industry, which made note-books the companions of his student youth, and which failed not until the pen fell from a hand enfeebled by the close approach of death.

He was a statesman, a scholar, an army surgeon, a punctual and careful physician, an actively religious man, a far-seeing and courageous philanthropist, and a sanitarian far in advance of his day. These are what I might call four careers, in all of which he excelled unaided by secretaries or modern means of condensing and relegating labor: one such suffices most men. He was a member of every im-

portant political assembly which met in this State while he lived. When timid men fell out of the Continental Congress, he was elected to that body, that he might sign the Declaration of Independence, and was the only physician whose name is on that energetic arraignment of the Crown.[1] I have neither time nor desire to speak of his relations to Washington. He criticised him with his usual courage and with a severity in which at that time he was not alone, and, although later in life he somewhat relented, he never quite forgot the bitterness which arose out of his too famous letter, and to the end of his days looked upon the great leader as one not above the judgment of his fellows. As regards the patriotism of Rush there can be no doubt. It approached the earnestness of religion, and its very intensity made him unhappy and critical when others seemed to him to be showing that want of energy which in the first years of the war he thought was seen in the Fabian policy of Washington.

Rush was Surgeon-General to the Middle Department, and later Surgeon-General, and served faithfully in the New Jersey campaign and in the dreary camp at Valley Forge. He resigned in 1778, after his difficulty with his chief, and declined pay for his services.

As a broad-minded philanthropist, I view him with wonder. The higher education of women he urged as a special need of a Republic, and as boldly wrote of public punishments and against the penalty of death. With like courage he denounced slavery, or turned to demand legislation against the abuse of alcohol, or to implore care in the use of this agent in disease, and, although a scholarly man, eloquently represented the waste of time in the too general study by the young of the classical tongues.

On his medical career I cannot linger. His views as to bleeding were extreme. They were greatly modified in his later years, but have been misrepresented by the enmity his positive nature excited, and can be fitly judged, not by his occasional vigor of statement, but also by the many tempering remarks to be found in his works. His

[1] Since the first appearance of this address, I have been reminded by many that Lyman Hall, Josiah Bartlett, and Matthew Thornton were physicians. They were practitioners of medicine, but, so far as I can discover, Rush alone of all I have named was a graduate, and he alone returned to his profession. In the higher sense in which we to-day use the term, Rush was the only *Physician* who signed the Declaration.

ideas on the contagion of yellow fever and its domestic origin excited the hostility of commerce, and embittered his existence; but, although as to the former he changed his beliefs later in life, as to the latter he seems never to have faltered.

I presume that he held his opinions tenaciously, and was so conscious of his own general superiority to those about him, that he found it hard to weigh their reasons justly. He says, "I early discovered that it was impossible for me, by any reasonings, to change the practice of some of my brethren." Then he adds, "humanity was therefore on the side of leaving them to themselves, because what is done in these consultations is the ineffectual result of neutralized opinions; for the extremity of *wrong* in medicine, as in morals and government, is often a less mischief than that mixture of *right* and wrong which serves, by palliating, to perpetuate evil." How interesting is this irritable confession, which tells so much more of the man than he meant to put into it. Let me add, as a thoughtful physician, that no one can read what he wrote—and I have read most of it—without a strong sense of his sagacious and intelligent originality, and admiration of his clear and often fervid style. His work on insanity is a masterpiece. A recent English writer calls his book on "the bilious remitting yellow fever" a wonder, and says of that remarkable description of his sensations during the height of the epidemic, "it is as if he were talking to you, a ghostly whispering through a veil of nine-tenths of a century." He has been called the American Sydenham. He was not as I see it, so great a physician, but taking his whole career—and both were earnest republicans—Rush was the larger personage, and surely, next to Franklin, the greatest citizen of Pennsylvania.[1]

His bitterest foes are best remembered because of the man they reviled. Even before death came to heal all wounds, he stood where few have stood in the estimate of men. He could not but feel this tribute. It gentled the positive and ardent nature, once ready to

[1] Rush left letters, diaries, and also biographic memoirs of his contemporaries, without which, no man can fitly judge him or them. Friends, relatives, and executors have been chary of publishing these records. Some of them I have read, and I think it only just to a great man that we should know all that there is of him to know. He was too great, too productive, too various to lose esteem on account of anything he may have said or written of Washington.

cross swords with all who dared to differ. He says, "I was once an aristocrat, then a democrat, now I am a Christocrat." Certain of his words should have been placed on his tombstone. With them we may leave him to his repose, near the yet greater Franklin. "Posterity," he says, "is to the physician, what the day of judgment is to the Christian."

Still among honored Philadelphia names we find next that of Gerardus Clarkson, chief of the founders of the Episcopal Academy, and brother of the Matthew Clarkson, emigrant from provincial New York to this gayer capital, who earned as mayor, in the yellow fever of 1793, a character for manly courage and self-possessed official calmness.

Benjamin Say produced no great work, except his son, the eminent naturalist.

James Hutchinson was the ancestor of our honorary librarian, and, like him, a trustee of the University. There is a pleasant letter extant of the date of 1776, in which Fothergill recommends him to the Pennsylvania Hospital as a trained surgeon, and a man of "unblemished character." He had a good deal to do with the union of the College and University in 1791. Like most of our first Fellows, he was a member of the Anti-Slavery Society. It is told of him that when the ship on which he came home from Europe was chased by a British cruiser, he escaped to the coast in an open boat under a heavy fire, to save the dispatches Franklin had confided to his care. In 1771 Hutchinson was appointed by Shippen Senior Surgeon to the Flying Hospital of the Middle Department, and in the same year became Director of the Hospitals, Physician and Surgeon-General of the Militia of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. He lived to serve through the war, and to become distinguished as a professor, to hold many posts of public trust, and to die of yellow fever in 1793.

George Glentworth, who comes next, was Senior Physician and Surgeon of the General Hospital of the United States, from 1777 to 1780. He, too, declined pay. It was he who extracted the bullet received by Lafayette at Brandywine fight, at the Indian Queen Tavern in Third Street. He lies now near the street in St. Paul's churchyard.

Of the cynical and merry tory Abraham Chovet, there is little to

say. Dr. Physick told my father that while living in London Chovet tried to save a too adventurous gentleman about to be hanged for highway robbery, by opening his trachea before the hangman operated. The patient was rapidly removed after the execution, and is said to have spoken. A queer tale, and doubtful, but worth the telling. The government is said to have lacked due appreciation of this valuable experiment, and Chovet brought his queer Voltairian visage to America. You may see it yet in our library.

William Currie left theology for medicine and served in the war. He is known chiefly by his excellent essays on climate and on yellow fever, and his support of the doctrine of its foreign origin as against Rush, with whom he agreed as regards the question of contagion. In his essays Currie wrote temperately of the matter and without personalities.

I observe that this writer now and then speaks of the number of pulse beats, and says the frequent pulse is the weak pulse. Numeration of the heart beat is very rare in the writings of the last century, and is exceptionally found between the reign of Anne, when Sir John Floyer wrote his book upon it, and the year 1820, when French observers again called attention to its value. Occasional references to the number of the pulse are, also, found in Rush, but they are, on the whole, uncommon.

Men like ourselves know how hard it is to live up to the best standards of medical duty; know, also, what temptations, intellectual and moral, positive and negative, assail us all, and can understand the value and beauty of certain characters, which, like surely guided ships, have left no permanent trace behind them on life's great seas, of their direct and absolute devotion to duty.

Of this precious type was Samuel Powel Griffitts. He wrote little, although an editor of the *Eclectic Repertory*. All that he has left us is a paper in favor of vaccination, and an essay to prove that yellow fever, as a rule, does not attack a second time. He believed it contagious, and of imported origin. The sanitary and philanthropic plans of Rush he heartily aided. In the battle with slavery and the penal code and against the abuse of alcohol, Griffitts was a steady worker; whilst the Humane Society, the Dispensary, the Friends' Asylum for the Insane, and the French Refugees found in him an instant helper. But wherever he went and in whatever he

did peace and gentleness were around about him, so that in every relation of life men and women eagerly trusted this simple, straightforward, intelligent, unambitious man. It is told of him that in forty years he scarcely ever missed his daily visit to the Dispensary, where he met, relieved, and counselled the poor. With one hand it may be said he distributed the bounty which his fellow-citizens entrusted to his care, to the refugees from St. Domingo, while with the other he was busy sending vaccine virus to their revolted slaves. To the last day of his life he walked our streets in all weathers, averse to the use of a carriage, and thus, punctual, industrious, carrying into every vital relation trustful, unobtrusive religion, this kindliest of men, forgetful of no duty, died abruptly, escaping the pangs he had so often seen in others.

The peaceful Griffitts had, I believe, no relation to the War of Independence, but Benjamin Duffield was, like many other of our Fellows, an army surgeon. In the pest-house at Bush Hill he did manly service in 1793. An hospitable man of genial humor; both wise and witty, it is said. The familiar seal of the College was probably of his devising, as he was chairman of the committee on this matter in 1787.

Of John Carson, born 1752, little is known. He was a long time surgeon to the City Troop, one of the founders of the Dispensary, professor of chemistry in the University after the death of Hutchinson, but died in 1794, before he had given a lecture.

The founder John Foulke, M.D., was graduated at the College of Philadelphia in 1780. Like most of our early Fellows he studied abroad, and, returning home, taught anatomy for two years. A conscientious and efficiently demonstrative teacher, he behaved with courage and fidelity in the yellow fever of 1793, and died three years after.

Caspar Wistar, Jr., is a more familiar name. Like Rush, there is much of the man's life on record in the portrait by Otis, as the least observant may see. The face is strong and intellectual, the mouth large and full of good humor and mirth, the chin positive, a face thoughtful above, and below alive with promise of genial companionship. He could have been but sixteen when we hear of him as active in helping the wounded after the indecisive fight at Germantown.

He was graduated at Edinburgh in 1786, and left that city President of the Royal Medical Society, and with the warm friendship of Cullen, who later sent him his portrait, and was his frequent correspondent. He must have been the youngest of our corporators, as he was elected to the College in April, 1787, and was then but twenty-six years old. Two years after, he became professor of chemistry in the College of Philadelphia; he was made adjunct-professor of anatomy, surgery, and midwifery in 1792, and in 1808 succeeded Shippen at the University in the chair of anatomy. Men spoke of him as a great teacher. He fortunately combined full knowledge with fluency, and intense interest in what he was teaching. His system of anatomy, published in 1811, was our first native treatise on that subject.

He followed Rush as President of the Anti-Slavery Society, and Jefferson as President of the Philosophical. If a man's friends be in some sense a description of the man, among his were Humboldt, Michaux, Sœmmering and Camper, Cullen, Hope, Jefferson, Warren, and Correa, the cynical and amusing Portuguese minister. You can see from these names, that science occupied him, and especially anatomy, that the practical aspects of his profession were not forgotten, and that he was at home among those whose talk left to their surviving contemporaries vivid memories of an unusual social era. He is known still to most of us as the founder of the Wistar Parties, which owed much of their later social vitality to the hospitable houses of the leaders of our profession. When I was a young man and Wistar was long since in his grave, we were still familiar with the worn card of invitation which carried his vigorous profile with its formal queue from simpler days to those of champagne and terrapins, and until the fierce quarrels of the great war broke up this gay and joyous company. It was wickedly said that the doctors profited by those noble suppers. Even in their luxurious decadence they were delightful. Men who came to eat remained to chat. They left to me at least a gallery of pleasant portraits of some whose living talk would have made that good founder happy. Hear how Thackeray mourns a dead friend. "There will be," he says, "no more Whister parties for him. Will Whister himself, hospitable, pig-tailed shade, welcome him to Hades? and will they sit down—

no, stand up, to a ghostly supper, devouring the ιφθιμους ψυχας (the mighty souls) of oysters and all sorts of birds?"[1]

I have dwelt on this aspect of a full and wholesome, learned and useful life, because it well illustrates the social prominence of the Philadelphia physician. We may leave him with the words in which another described him: "Decorous, suave, honorable, and courteous, he forgot nothing except injuries."

Michael Leib, born 1759, was the last Fellow of importance elected previous to our incorporation in 1789. His name occurs with honorable mention in the yellow fever records, but he left our profession early and became a brilliant leader in the Democratic party, and filled in turn the post of member of Assembly, of the United States House of Representatives, and at last went to Congress as Senator. His great war speech of 1812 was long remembered, and he was said to have been for many years the political dictator of Philadelphia. He died in 1822.

The earlier Constitution was signed by Senior and Junior Fellows, but in August, 1787, it was readopted in a modified form, and thenceforward the appellation "junior" disappears, and we have only Fellows and Associate Fellows, and very much later Corresponding Members.

Up to its incorporation in 1789, the College was busy with private and public affairs. It adopted a seal, and substituted for *non sibi sed alii*, as proposed, *non sibi sed toti*.

It urged the Legislature to create a botanic garden and public baths, and to limit the use of ardent spirits, wisely pointing out their hurtfulness, declaring them destructive to life and health, and as tending equally to dishonor character as a nation, and to degrade our species. "They," the Fellows, "believe to be without foundation, the prevalent idea as to use of spirits in heat and cold, and think malt liquors and cyder might be substituted."

The first effort toward a pharmacopœia was made in April, 1787, and the College ordered a committee to digest the business. This effort was, I believe, the first made in America in this direction. It was never long out of sight, but the digestion was laborious and incomplete until the Pharmacopœia Convention met in 1820.

[1] (Haud immemor, p. 8. William B. Reed, 1864, Phila.)

The germ of our ethical code is to be found in April, 1788, when it was decided that

"To promote order and unity in the practice of medicine, it is agreed by the Fellows of this College, that they will not attend or prescribe for any patient who hath previously employed any other Fellow of the College in the same illness, unless it be in consultation with the first physician, or in case of sudden emergency, when the said physician is not present," and then follow directions as to the conduct of consultations.

What was to become of the unlucky patient under this stringent rule does not appear. But codes of conduct, however needful, are difficult so to frame as to cover all contingencies, and the legislation of individual common sense usually intervenes to correct their too absurd application. The larger ethical code, founded chiefly on that of Percival, was accepted by the College in 1843.

In these early days the only death-record was kept by the churches, wherefore the College found need to appoint committees on this subject and on that of disease and meteorology. Their value ceased in after-times, the city having assumed charge of registration, and the country that of statistics of the weather, which Parke found troublesome, in 1792, because he could not buy a barometer in the city of Penn.

The history of an old and learned institution is that of its members and of its relation to public affairs. No man can hope in the scope of an address to set before you the shining roll of the men who have illustrated our story with duty done simply and in private, of patient, charitable lives, of those larger existences which left their mark, also, on the science of their day, and to this memorable hour have sustained in noble succession the prominence of this city in all that lifts our art and its sister sciences above the common levels of applied usefulness. The task were hopeless and belongs to the historian rather than to the orator.

But our relation to the public can not be thus readily disposed of. The acts of single men help to give us collective power to interfere in public matters, and here this College has been up to this day potently active. To it came early for advice in all affairs of health and quarantine the city, State, and general government; and the

minutes amply record that it has labored conscientiously to aid the commonwealth and the city as to sale and importation of pure drugs, as to parks, water supply, education, drainage, and the many other problems which call for advice and direction from experts.

To the physician epidemics are his battlefields. His daily life is hard enough, and, unlike the soldier, he lives amidst constant perils, of which habit has made him negligently forgetful. He is assisted to be unthoughtful as to risks by the fact that the community thinks little of those which are not, like the soldier's, occasional, or which it does not largely share. You must have lost sense of heroism if you do not feel some thrill of pride when you look back with me over those sad years in which the Fellows of this College, amidst the contagion of terror, faced the storms of death which from 1793 to 1804 swept over this city and forever ruined its mere commercial supremacy.

Let us see how well this College met it. Several of its Fellows could recall the epidemic of 1762—the Barbadoes Plague—the dreaded yellow fever. Rush, a student, made notes of it in his constant way, and Redman, an older man, described it with accurate skill. A few hundred died, and for thirty-one years the great town flourished undisturbed. For two years the College had at times been urgent as to quarantine, but selfish, shortsighted commerce had been more potent. On the 25th of August, 1793, a special meeting of the Fellows was called "to consider their duty because of the fever of alarming nature." Rush, Hutchinson, Say, and Wistar were to report on the 26th. Nothing, on the whole, could have been better than the calm, good sense of the letter of public advice which the Fellows, at the instance of their committee, addressed to the mayor, Mathew Clarkson, and to the people at large. At this meeting, the President describes the fever of 1762. Tilton, our associate, advises tents as hospitals, and the College decides to meet every Monday. How simple it all sounds, the quiet councils, the talk as to treatment. The Fellows assemble on the 3d, 6th, 10th, and 17th of September, and consider Alexander Hamilton's letter of inquiry as to the fever, and answer Dr. Warren, of Boston. Meanwhile the plague is on the people, and the College meets no more until November.

To speak of this awful summer, is to speak of a population degraded by the very insanity of fear. The rich fled first, and at last almost all who could go. In round numbers, Philadelphia had 6000 houses and 49,000 souls. Some 3000 houses were closed. 12,000 persons fled to the country—Carey says 17,000. Of those left behind, 11,000 took the fever, and one-third of these died. Before this appalling death-rate, all but a rare few gave way. In deserted streets, between rows of closed houses, where commerce had ceased, men walked down the middle of the causeways and declined to shake hands with friends, or turned aside from any who wore the badge of mourning. Thousands of both sexes smoked tobacco to avoid disease, or carried vinegar or camphor or bits of tarred rope for protection, while bonfires at night and firing of muskets to disperse contagion ceased only when the Mayor forbade them. The churches were shut; most of the weekly papers ceased to appear. For the laborer there was no work. Starvation drove him to crime, and thieves lived riotously in deserted houses. At last family ties were broken; men fled from their dearest; whole families deserted the bed where the father lay dying; nurses were hardly to be had; and still the sombre death-cart went its nightly round with its negro driver, and in answer to the dreary cry, "Fetch out your dead," corpses were lowered from open windows on to the cart, backed up on to the sidewalk, or were carried out in haste, to be put across the shaft of what was called a chair, and hurried away for swiftest burial. So lower and lower men sunk, as the plague increased, until at times the dead lay unburied, corpses were found in the streets, and the climax of misery, neglect, and profligate riot was reached at Bush Hill Hospital for the poor. Amidst this horror of disease, of selfishness, of crime, there were men who grew morally stronger through that which enfeebled the mass. The most of the physicians of the blighted town went about their duties untouched by panic—undisturbed by fear. In our own ranks were none who failed. Their names are to be read on every record of those dreary hours. Theirs was what Ruskin speaks of as "that constitutional serenity in danger, which, with the wise, whether soldier or physician, is the basis of the most fortunate action and swiftest decision of deliberate skill." (Prœterita, p. 379.) How they differed as to treatment, and how

doggedly they held their beliefs, concerns us little. That they did their full duty as honest gentlemen, concerns us much.

Hutchinson died, and Morris and many others not in our fellowship. None altogether escaped untouched by the plague, which swept away ten physicians in a month. Says Rush, "At one time but three physicians were able to do duty outside of their own houses. From this cruel summer until 1806, no year left us free from the fever, but the worst of it fell upon us in 1798." Again the College had in vain sounded repeated warnings to the city, the State, and the general Government. Again there is that eloquent blank in our minutes from August to November. It was more terrible than '93. Some forty thousand fled, and of those who stayed about four thousand died, nearly half of those attacked, and again the scenes of '93 were repeated, and again, as in '93 and '97, our ranks were thinned, and only more did not die because nearly all were protected by previous disease.

There were physicians who fled from this more deadly horror, but in the thick of it I find the names of our Fellows. Griffitts's daily record, meant only for his own use, is before me as I write. He says: "My patients are mostly among the poor. While I went to the country to see my sick child, half a day, upward of fifty knocks at my door. Yet through all this I am favored with calmness. My lot seems cast among misery and death. A day of trouble. Buried a beloved servant. Much unwell to-day. Too much to visit. Thus they suffer from unavoidable neglect. I feel, indeed, alone."

We lost Hugh Hodge and Annan later of the same disease, and through all of these sad years we find always ready, always dutiful, the best of the men whose lives I have sketched. Scarce one escaped the wounds of disease, and at least six died; but none failed us. Surely this is a record to look back upon with that pride which nourisheth good example. We may grieve for suffering, and regret careers cut short, and yet desire to preserve their remembrance;

> Nor could humanity resign
> Each hour which bade her heart beat high,
> And blazoned duty's stainless shield,
> And set a star in honor's sky.

The horrors of 1825, with its smallpox, and the cholera of 1832, found the successors of these men as able, as simply ready, as courageous.

Meanwhile the battle as to contagion and importation, and bleeding, and emetics and calomel, raged with a fury of personalities for which it is difficult to account, but which the tenacity and irritability of Rush may, in a measure, explain. It caused Rush a bitter personal quarrel with Andrew Ross, and disputes between Rush and Kuhn as to the treatment of Hutchinson in his last illness,[1] and led to the resignation of Rush and the formation of the short-lived Academy of Medicine. These virulent intellectual duels ceased by degrees when the new dispute as to vaccination arose, and as most of our Fellows favored it, it seems hard to explain their action. In December, 1802, Lettsom sends the College from London vaccine virus, and shortly after is elected an Associate; while, alas! Jenner, proposed by Plunket Glentworth, fails of election—a sad commentary on the too conservative tendencies which nowadays have somewhat ceased to trouble us. But a little while and the world of opinion was with Jenner. Three or four years later no man would have dared to blackball one of the immortals. The moral is not far to seek, and time has not quite worn it too threadbare for use. In all our history we have little to feel ashamed of, and this reproach comes swiftly after, nay, among the deeds which showed of what heroic stuff were the men whose portraits hang around our hall.

Our early years produced a few notable essays, but the great and active intellect of Rush was lost to us, and his influence kept out of our Fellowship Physick and Mease and some others of note. As I look forward over our minutes up to 1820 the papers are fewer. In some years there is not one. Often there is no quorum. Currie writes and tells us in a wandering and irritable letter, that we are inert and useless, which is hardly true, for still in all public affairs the College is active and attentive. Death, too, has been busy with the men who had smiled in her face so often. Some twenty are gone—the surgeon-soldiers of 1776, the veterans of '93 and '98.

[1] Dr. Kuhn's account of this matter in the manuscript notes of his lectures in the College library is interesting to the student of ethics. These lectures should be printed, or so much as deals with yellow fever.

New names appear, though slowly. Sixteen are added before 1807, and of these the yellow fever has taken four. In several years no election of a Fellow occurs, and none from 1807 to 1810. In 1811 we gain the first I personally remember, the honored and well-loved Hewson, sometime our president, then Chapman, of joyous and social fame, Neill, Parish, the Bartons, and Hartshorne. And now, in 1823, Currie, Parke, and Griffitts, alone, seem to be left of our institutors, but as to some others I can find no note. It is difficult to explain the intellectual inactivity of the College in these years. It was rather paresis than paralysis, inertness than want of power. But why did we survive at all? The Academy had perished, the Philadelphia Medical Lyceum had come and gone. The Philadelphia Medical Society, the Kappa Lambda, the Medical Association of Philadelphia had been organized and were soon to die out or had already disappeared.

We were saved, I fancy, by that which preserves the vitality of families—great traditions which nourish pride and the conservative power of property—careful treasurers had begun to hoard for us a little money, and our library, if as yet small, was valuable. Moreover, we were still, as always, the public advisors, and the position of advisor is one which flatters. Then came the fortunate accessions from 1824, and we win illustrative force as we get Hartshorne, Bond, Hodge, Meigs, La Roche, John K. Mitchell, Darrach, and notably Wood and Bache, familiar collocation of names, and almost as one in friendship and usefulness: Pennock and Gerhard, Hays, Pancoast, Mütter, Carson, Dunglison, Norris, McClellan, Randolph, Pepper. Catalogues of names are valueless, but these are winged with memories. Thenceforward our meetings grow richer in interest, even if at times some lack of activity is still obvious. There is now too much work done for careful analysis here. Twice vain efforts are made to limit the Fellowship. A fee-bill is formed in 1824, and we find only twelve surgical operations enumerated. These multiply in later tables of charges, but one would be puzzled to make such a list to-day. At last we abolish the whole business and leave men to act in this matter as seems best to them.

We have come now to the time when physicians, yet alive and active, began to be felt in our affairs. All those I have just named

are dead. Let us turn anew to what we have done as a College, work in which all have helped, and which shows best the affectionate interest with which we have all regarded this institution.

We met first in Fifth Street. In 1791 we carried ourselves and our modest library—one case of books—to the Philosophical Society rooms, whence we journeyed to the Mercantile Library building, then on Fifth Street, and in 1854 to the small house on Spruce Street, within the Hospital grounds. As I first climbed its well-known stairs in 1856, I remembered the picture, by West, of Christ healing the sick, which in my childhood hung on the wall, and gave to the little hall the name of the "Picture House." The debates used to be sharp in those days. There was Wood in the chair, most courteous of men, gently formal, and of ever-ready kindness to younger physicians; a peace-making presence when the too positive Condie was raging in debate, and Charles Meigs, with his poetic nature and talk of singular freshness, was spurred to sharp reply, and Hodge grew graver and yet more sedate, and Bache sat ready to drop with deliberate slowness of contradiction on the inaccurate. As I write, the visage of Gerhard returns to me with its grim humor. A man quick of speech and as quick to regret, an unbalanced nature, but a keen and subtile observer. There is stout George Fox, and the slight, delicate figure of La Roche beside our great surgeon Pancoast, sturdy, earnest, kindly, and original, a curious physical contrast to his colleague Mütter, small, exquisitely neat in person, and courtly in manner.

You will forgive my gossip. I should like to believe that our juniors have reason to look up to us as we did to these men. A crown seemed as remote to me then as the chair which, by your grace, I now hold.

We owe our present home chiefly to the liberality of George B. Wood, to George Fox, and to the unceasing efforts of Isaac Hays, who, as chairman of our Building Committee, served the College with that high-minded sense of duty which he carried into every relation of life.

In 1856 our building fund, by careful nursing, had grown to $16,000. Our first large accession, like much else that is good, came from Wood. A western quack had infringed the copyright of

the Dispensatory, and the heavy damages awarded were generously given to our building fund. In the same year, by good fortune, Thomas Dent Mütter offered to give us his museum and to leave us an endowment of $30,000, on condition that within five years we gave this collection a fire-proof shelter. Gift after gift from Dr. Wood followed—not less than $10,000 in all, and in 1863 we moved to our present hall, to which we have but of late added the third story contemplated in the original plan.

The College museum at once grew into importance by the addition of Mütter's gift, and is now one of the most valuable and interesting collections in America.

The library, which owed its first gift and legacy of books to John Morgan, now numbers nearly 38,000 volumes and some 20,000 pamphlets, and is second in America only to that which the ample purse of government and the genius of the greatest of medical bibliographers, John S. Billings, have created in Washington.

Its annual growth, some 2500 volumes, with thousands of pamphlets, is due to the constant supply of new books, and especially of journals, of which we receive at least 325. This steady inflow of weekly and monthly publications represents for us the swiftly changing tides of knowledge, the floods and ebbs of opinion, the never-ending novelties, good or bad—all to be put on trial. By-and-bye the best of this matter, solvent in a hundred journals, crystallizes into more permanent shape in books. This vast accumulation and the multitudinous contributions it represents has, of course, its embarrassments, for not all new facts are valuable or correctly interpreted; but, be they true or not, we must at times have access to them all. Whilst in some very good ways our profession is unyieldingly conservative, as to matters of intellectual opinion and modes of practice it is, nowadays at least, alertly ready to accept the novel and as ready to give up the old.

Books are the best tools of our business, and a great library like ours insensibly educates by tempting men with the noblest of opportunities. It is like an unfailing friend to whom we go for counsel and helpful advice, and a catalogue is its ready memory of all that our greatest knew and taught. Look around that great collection in all tongues. It is a vast presentation of the thoughts, the beliefs,

the victories, the defeats of that profession which has been, as compared to any other, the purest, the most single-minded, the most simply devoted to its moral creed, the world has seen through all its changeful ages. It has its peerage, its lords of thought, its sturdy, practical commons. Yet here is no set creed of dogmatic beliefs. We make and unmake our rulers, and time, which is more wise than Bacon, has a large vote in the matter; but while systems of medicine crumble, and doctrines have their little day, and men have been intellectually right or wrong, it is pleasant to remember that the lofty code of moral law our Greek Fathers taught has kept through all these productive centuries an invigorating control over the lives these gathered volumes represent. Thus, for him who loves his art, a great medical library is full of lessons in the conduct of life. There, side by side, the feeblest and the strongest meet. What a record of the follies and caprices of learning, of devotion, of martyrdom, of simple usefulness, of ambitious failures! Here are stately tomes unread for ages. Here is some little volume which has changed the great currents of thought, and brought hope and relief to a thousand bedsides. In yonder corner is a modest book-case, which groups the bric-a-brac of the bibliographer; the mad jesters, the cranks, the queer anecdotists, the priceless incunabula, the medical poems.

I like to think of the book-loving men to whom we owe this collection. Morgan, the scholarly; Hays, editor for fifty-three years of the best medical journal the world has seen; Moreton Stillé, too early dead, with his half-used store of varied learning; Wood, Betton, Mütter, Gross, the great surgeon; Hodge, the famous teacher of obstetrics; Lajus, that gentle and modest scholar, who once said to me in his odd way, "I like the men who are like books, and that is why I like Samuel Lewis."

I have broken my rule for the first time, to name a living Fellow of the College, the constant benefactor of our library; but in proportion as a man is modest, self-forgetful, prone to avoid public recognition, one is tempted at a time like this to say what we think of him to whom we owe so much. Kindly friend, learned and liberal scholar, we are glad that you are here with us to know, once for all,

how lovingly we thank you for the unstinted generosity of these many years.

In that last great war we most of us so well recall—in that vast struggle, whose authors we do well to forgive, but whose trials and lessons we do as well never to forget, this College was true to its traditions.

There are on our list to-day at least one hundred and four men who served their country in the field, in hospitals, or at sea, in those years of sacrificial trial.

Whatever we may have thought or felt of that section of our race which faced us in fight, of this at least I find it a pleasure to feel sure: that wherever men were sick or wounded, our ancient guild did well its Christ-like duty. As to that record, North and South, there can be neither doubt nor difference.

I close with satisfied pride these annals of the past, and its dead. I see about me men whose books are in every tongue of Europe, whose works are known and honored among the learned of every land, men who wear by just degree of their fellows the unseen crowns of honorable estimate. I see, too, the young in work, the men who are to follow us. To them we shall soon consign this precious heritage, the record of a century of duty; an hundred years without one break in our meetings, save when pestilence thrust upon us a more imperative service. There is that in these years to make them proud of a fellowship which in war and in peace has left us examples of single-minded workers unknown to fame, of the charity without taint of selfishness, of heroic lives lost in battle with disease, of gentle scholars, of daring surgeons, whose very fingers seemed to think, of physicians rich with every professional grace. The pride of lineage is valueless which does not secure to the future vitality of usefulness, and I must have told my story ill if to every physician who hears me its illustrations have not the invigorating force of moral tonics.

I turn now from the present and face the silence of futurity. As earnestly as our first President, I pray with him that all those who sit around me, and all who are to come, do publicly and privately serve their generation.

Feeling, like him, the weight and dignity of my office, and to-day

more than ever, I look onward thoughtfully to that next centennial time. Every heart that beats in this hall to-day will have ceased to pulsate. Another will stand in my place. Reviewing our works and lives, he will be able, I trust, to say as confidently of us as I have said of your fathers,—these, too, belonged by right of dutiful lives and sincere work, to our great, undying brotherhood.

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